The Abbeville Press.

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1866. VOLUME XIV. NO. 3

WATCHING FOR PA.

Three little forms in twilight gay,
Scanning the shadows across the way;
Six little eyes, four black and two blue,
Brimful of love and happiness, too,
Watching for pa.

May, with her placid and thoughtful brow;
Gentle face beaming with smiles just now;
Willie, the rogue, so loving any gay,
Stealing sly kisses from sister May,
Watching for pa.

Nellie, with ringlets of sunny hue,
Cosily nestled between the two,
Pressing her cheek to the window pane,
Wishing the absent one home again—
Watching for pa.

O, how they gaze at the passers-by!
"He's coming at last," the gaily cry;
"Try again, my pets," exclaims mammy,
And Nellie adds: "There's the twilight star
Watching for pa."

Jack nods and smiles, as with busy feet
He lights the lamps of their quiet street;
That sweet little group he knows full well,
May, and Willie, and golden-haired Nell,
Watching for pa.

Soon joyous shouts from the window seat,
And eager patter of childish feet;
Gay musical chimes ring through the hall
A manly voice responded to the call—
"Welcome, papa."

GENERAL WASHINGTON AT HOME.

BY JAMES PARTON.

General Washington stood six feet three in his slippers, and, in the prime of his life was rather slender than otherwise, but as straight as an arrow. His form was well proportioned and evenly developed, so that he carried his tallness gracefully and looked strikingly well on horseback. There has never been a more active, sinewy figure than his when he was a young man; it was only in later life that his movements became slow and dignified. His wife was a plump, pretty little woman, very sprightly and gay in her young days, and quite as fond of having her own way as ladies usually are. She settled down into a good, plain, domestic wife, who looked sharply after her servants, and was seldom seen without her knitting needles in full play. She was far from being what we should now call an educated woman. Scarcely any of the ladies of that day knew much more than to read their prayer book and almanac, and keep the simple accounts. Mrs. Washington probably never read a book through in her life and as to her spelling—the less said of it the better.

Washington himself, before he became a public man, was a bad speller. People were not so particular then as they are now; and besides, there really was no settled system of spelling a hundred years ago. When the General wrote for a 'ream of paper,' a beaver 'hatt,' a suit of 'cloaths,' and a pair of 'sattin' shoes, there was no Webster unabridged to keep people's spelling within bounds. Nor was he much of a reader of books. He read a little of the History of England now and then, and a paper from the Spectator occasionally on rainy days, but he had very little litterary taste. He was essentially an out-of-doors man, and few things were more disagreeable to him than confinement at the desk. There was nothing in his house which could be called a library; he had a few old-fashioned books, which he seldom disturbed and never read long at a time.

The General and his wife lived happily together, but it is evident that, like most heiresses, she was a little exacting, and it is highly probable that the great Washington was sometimes favored with a 'curtain lecture. The celebrated authoress, Miss Bremer, is our authority for this surmise. She relates, that a gentleman once slept at Mount Vernon in the room next to that occupied by the master and mistress of the mansion; and when all the inmates were in bed, and the house was still, he overheard, through the thin partition, the voice of Mrs. Washington. He could not but listen, and it was a curtain-lecture which she was giving her lord. He had done something during the day which she thought ought to have done differently, and she was giving him her opinion in somewhat animated and quite decided tones. The great man listened in silence till she had done, and then, without a remark upon the subject in hand, said:

"Now, good sleep to you, my dear."

What an example to husbands!

When Washington was appointed to Command the revolutionary armies, it is plain from his letters home that one of his greatest objections to accepting the appointment was, the 'uneasiness,' as he termed it, that it would cause his wife to have him absent from home.

General Washington was a very rich man; his wife was very rich, and her three children were heirs to great wealth. He had a little principality to govern. Besides the farms about his own residence on the Potomac, with several hundred slaves upon them, he possessed wild lands in most of the best locations then known, as well as shares in several incorporated companies. He derived an important part of his influence from the greatness of his wealth and the antiquity of his family—things which were then held in much more respect than they are now. Washington's estate was not worth more than three-quarters of a million dollars; but it gave him far more personal consequence in the country than ten times such a fortune could at present. The rich planter of that day, living as he did on a wide domain of his own, the owner of those who served him, riding about in his coach and six, and with no near neighbors to restrain, censure, or outshine him, was a kind of farmer-prince.

It was fortunate for Washington that he come to his wealth when his character was mature. Being a younger son, he had no expectations of wealth in his youth, and he grew up in a very hardy, sensible manner, on an enormous farm, not a fourth part of which was cultivated. His father dying when he was eleven years old, he came directly under the influence of his mother, who was one of the women of whom people say, 'there is no nonsense about her.' She was a plain, illiterate, energetic, strong-willed lady, perfectly capable of conducting the affairs of a farm, and scorning the help of others. When she was advanced in years, her son in law offered to manage her business for her.

'You may keep the accounts, Fielding,' was her reply, 'for your eyesight is better than mine, but I can manage my affairs myself.'

On another occasion, General Washington asked her to come and live with him at Mount Vernon.

"I thank you, George,' said she, 'but I prefer being independent.'

And so to the last she lived in her own plain farmhouse, and superintended the culture of her own acres, not disdaining to labor with her own hands. When Lafayette visited her he found her at work in her garden, with her old sun bonnet on, and she came in to see him saying:

'I would not pay you so poor a compliment, Marquis, as to stay to change my dress.'

I have often thought that she must have resembled Betsy Trotwood, as drawn by Charles Dickens in Davis Copperfield, and as *found* in many country homes both in Old England and in New—honest, strict, energetic women, a little rough in their manners, but capable of eminent generosity when there is occasion for it. Being the son of such a woman, and trained by her in simple, rational manner, George Washington was prepared to enjoy the lot that fell to him, without being spoiled by it.

With all his wealth he was not exempt from labor. Cultivating a large tract of country, he spent much of his time in riding about to visit the different farms, to consult his overseers and superintend his improvements. It is computed that he spent about one-half of the days of his life on horseback. Like all out-of-door men, he was exceedingly fond of a good horse—a taste which he had in common with his mother, who was said to be as good a judge of horses as any man in Virginia. Nothing was more common than for him to mount his horse after breakfast and ride all day, only dismounting for a few minutes at a time.

On those great plantations far from any large town, and worked by negroes, the master was often obliged personally to superintend any operation which was but of the ordinary routine. No doubt when General Washington entered in his diary, "bottled thirty-five dozen of cider," the hand with which he wrote the words still smelt of the liquid. We find in his diary many such entries as these:

"Spent the greater part of the day in making a new plough of my own invention."

"Peter (my smith) and I, after several efforts to make a plough after my own new model, partly of my own contriving, were fain to give it over, at least for the present."

"Fitted a two-eyed plough, instead of a duck-bill plough, and with much difficulty made my chariot wheel-horses plough. Put the pole-end horses into the plough in the morning and put the postillion and hind horse in the afternoon; but the ground being well swarded over, and very heavy ploughing, I repented putting them in at all, for fear it should give them a habit of stopping in the chariot."

"Apprehending the herrings were come, hauled the seine, but caught only a few of them, though a good many of other sorts of fish."

"Seven o'clock, a messenger came to inform me that my mill was in great danger of being destroyed. I immediately hurried off all hands, with shovels, etc., to its assistance, and got there myself just time enough to give it a reprieve for this time, by wheeling gravel into the place which the water had washed. When I was there a very heavy thunder shower came on, which lasted upwards of an hour. I tried what time the will required to grind a bushel of corn, and, to my surprise, found it was within five minutes of an hour. Old Anthony attributed this to the low head of water, but whether it was so or not I cannot say. The works are all decayed and out of order, which I rather take to be the cause.

Such a mill we should think hardly worth saving. Even the vigorous Washington could not get a Virginia plantation into good order. We read elsewhere in his diary that he owned one hundred and one cows, and yet had to buy butter sometimes for the use of his family!

Would the reader like to know the reason? General Washington himself tells us. He mentions in his diary that one morning in February, 1760, he went out to where "my carpenters" were hewing, the said carpenters being black slaves. "I, found," he wrote, "that four of them, namely, George, Tom, Mike, and young Billy had only hewed one hundred and twenty feet since yesterday at ten o'clock." Surprised at this meagre result of a day's labor of four men he sat down to see how they managed. Under the spell of the master's eye they worked faster, but still in a wonderfully bungling and dawdling manner. He records that, after they had prepared a log for cutting into lengths "they spent twenty-five minutes more in getting the cross cut saw, standing to consider what to do, sawing the stock in two places," etc. He found that the four men had done exactly one man's work the day before, supposing they could work no faster than they had done while he watched them, and that one intelligent, active laborer could do about as much hewing in two days as they would in a week. Here we have the reason why a man possessing one hundred and one cows had to buy butter. If this was the case with the best farmer in Virginia, and one of the richest, what must have been the condition of the ordinary plantations?

Much of his time, however, was spent in taking care of these military and uncalculating laborers. If a malignant disease broke out among them, it was the master who show had the nerve and energy to make the requisite arrangements. The small-pox once ravaged his negro quarters. He enters in his diary:

"After taking the doctor's directions in regard to my people, I set out for my quarters, and got there about twelve o'clock, time enough to find everything in the utmost confusion, disorder and backwardness, my overseer on his back with a broken leg, and not half a crop, especially of corn ground, prepaired."

In these desperate circumstances, with the dead to be buried, the dying to be comforted, the sick to be ministered to, and the well to be tranquilized, the master proceeded to arrange hospitals, seperate the sick from the well, provide nurses and give instruction as to the treatment of the disease.

Such were some of the employments of Washington when he was a Virginia planter. His pleasures were few, but the were such as he keenly enjoyed. We learn from diary that he hunted, during they season, about twice a week, and it is plain that these were his happy days. There are scores of entries like the following:

"Went hunting after breakfast, and found a fox at Muddy Hole, and killed her after a chase of better than two hours, and after treeing her twice the last of which times she fell dead out of the tree, after being there several minutes apparently well."

There were balls occasionally at Alexandria, and we find Washington attending them, and entering into humors and gayeties of the entertainment with much spirit.

The usual course of the day at Mount Vernon was something like this: The master rose early, shaved and dressed himself, except that his queue was arranged by a servant. His first visit was to the stable. It is recorded of him that he once applied, with his own strong right arm, a stirrup strap to the shoulders of a groom who had allowed a favorite horse to stand all night in the sweat and dust of a day's hunt. I think I know a gentleman in the *Ledger* office who will be able to forgive this action without the least difficulty. After a light breakfast of corn cake, honey and tea, the General would tell his guests, if he had any, and he usually had, to amuse themselves in their own way till dinner time, offering them his stables, his hunting and fishing apparatus, his boats and his books to their choice. Then he would mount his horse and ride about his farms, returning at half-past two, in time to dress for dinner at three. He was always dressed with care for this meal, as on all other occasions of ceremony. He liked plain dishes, drank home-brewed ale, and was particularly fond of baked apples, hickory nuts, and other simple products of the country. It was his custom to sit a good while at the table after dinner, eating nuts, sipping wine, and talking over his hunts and his adventures while in service during the French war. His usual toast was, 'All our friends.' The evenig was spent in the family circle round the blazing wood fire, and by ten o'clock he was usually asleep. Such was the ordinary life of this illustrious farmer at home, before his country called him to the field to defend her liberties; and it was just the kind of life that was best fitted to prepare him for the command of an army of American farmers.

From the Morning Star, November 17.

MR. ARTEMUS WARD.

This gentleman, who prefers still to retain the pseudonym under which he has become famous, made his first appearance in London as a lecturer last evening; and his success was only limited by the very circumscribed accommodation of the Egyptian Hall. We do not remember any entertainment within the past few years which has at the very outset proved so decided a "hit," and we can only hope that Mr. Ward's voice—which, last evening, seemed at times painfully weak—will allow him to transfer his lecture and panorama to a hall capable of admitting the much larger assemblages which will, beyond the shadow of a doubt, be glad to hear him. The 'lecture' is a sketch descriptive of life in the Mormon States, and of incidents in the journey thither and back. It is illustrated by a panorama, which, as Mr. Ward's programme truthfully asserts, 'is rather worse than panoramas usually are,' and accompanied by a selection of piano-forte music, performed by an invisible player, who, according to his employer, receives £10 a night and his washing.'

We can very well understand how how the artist who painted one of these scenes was, on a certain occasion, unanimously called before the curtain to receive the chairs which the audience threw at his head: but luckily, the charm of the entertainment does not depend on the panorama. In the lecture of last evening, where no tricks of spelling could shelter want of wit, Mr. Ward showed himself a genuine humorist, and found not a little difficulty in proceeding at all with his remarks through the uproarious laughter of his audience. Especially was this the case with the introduction, which was one continual string of dry jokes, odd sayings, and little bits of Mr. Ward's peculiar humor. It needed only half a dozen words to "set the house in a roar,' and thereafter the difficulty was to keep them quiet. In those portions of his lecture, however, specially devoted to a prescription of the Mormons, Mr. Ward for the time being talks seriously, and gives us *bona fide* statements, which are very trustworthy, and, we grieve to say it, somewhat dull. Mr. Ward's efforts, however, to continue serious, are futile, and we speedily find him introducing one or other of those remarks which, uttered with a peculiar dryness, first tickle a few people here and there, and then awake the laughter of the entire room. Mr. Ward's manner of recital adds not a little to the pungency of his jokes. He assumes an almost Lord Dundrearyish unconsciousness of his own fun; and it is only occasionally that some particularly "good thing" provokes a slight twinkle of his eye. The entertainment, as a whole, is really excellent; but any commendation of ours must be superfluous when we look at the following testimonials, which Mr. Ward himself has promised:

"TOTNES, October 20, 1866.

"MR. ARTEMUS WARD:

"*My Dear Sir*:—My wife was dangerously unwell for over sixteen years. She was so unwell that she couldn't lift a teaspoon to her mouth. But, in a fortunate moment, she commenced reading one of your lectures. She got better at once. She gained strength so rapidly that she lifted the cottage piano quite a distance from the floor, and then tipped it over to her mother-in-law, with whom she had had some little trouble. We like your lectures very much. Please send me a barrel of them. If you should require any more recommendations, you can get any number of them in this place at two shillings each—the price I charge for this one, and I trust you may be ever happy.

"I am, sir, yours truly, and so is my wife.

R. SPRINGERS."

An American correspondent of a distinguished journal in Yorkshire thus speaks of Mr. Ward's power as an orator:

"It was a grand scene, Mr. Artemus Ward's standing on the platform talking; many of the audience sleeping tranquilly in their seats; others leaving the room and not returning; others crying like a child at some of the jokes—all formed a most impressive scene, and showed the powers of this remarkable orator. And when he announced that he should never lecture in that town again, the applause was absolutely deafening."

MISMATCHED COUPLES.

Matrimony cannot change human character, and when two persons of essentially antagonistic natures are unfortunately united in its bonds, it is only by the exercise of mutual forbearance that they can hope to live together in peace and amity. Intellect, therefore, should never mate with imbecility, nor principle with immorality, nor purity with grossness. No good ever came of such unions, yet they take place every day. Passion blinds the judgment in these cases, and when the love lamp goes out and the ordinary daylight looks in, *one* of the parties, at least, is sure to stand aghast at the realities it reveals. The most foolish thing a fool can do is to marry a highly gifted woman. His vanity—for all weak men are vain—is sure to take fire at the discovery, which will soon be forced upon him in spite of his stupidity that his wife is his superior. If he is of brutal nature he will endeavor to shelter his natural inferiority behind his marital authority, and taunt and torture the being who, by right of mind, if not by law, is his suzerain. If, on the contrary, he falls helplessly into the position of a dependant and submits quietly to be guided and governed by the stronger nature to which he has allied himself, he will simply be pitied and despised. In either case, he will have cause to regret that he married, above his intellectual degree, and the lady, that she *stooped* to conquer.

More unfortunate still are those misunions in which baseness is made the yoke fellow of virtue. Love, or any thing approaching to it, is impossible in such contingencies. Who can feel any affection for what is vile and mean—who respect what is gross and sensual? Not all the marriage vows that ever were made before priest or deacon can compel the heart to an allegiance so monstrous.

Nor is the low-souled man, mis-allied with a lofty minded, pure-hearted woman much less miserable than she. He is not capable, indeed, of the acute anguish to which her keen sense of shame and consciousness of degradation and wrong continually subject her; but, according to his carish nature, he suffers. It has been well said of such a man, that he becomes wretched when the idea dawns upon him that the woman who does his bidding, and submits to his humors, is, in fact, his superior, and ought to be his lord; that she can think a thousand thoughts beyond the power of his muddled brain; that in the head on the pillow opposite to him, lie a thousand feelings, mental mysteries, latent scorns and rebellion, whereof he only dimly perceives the existence as they look furtively from her eyes; treasures of love doomed to perish without a hand to gather them; sweet fancies and images of beauty that might unfold themselves into flower; bright wit, that might glitter like diamond could it be brought into the sun; and the tyrant in possession crushes the outbreak of all these, drives them back, like slaves, into the dungeon and the darkness and then chafes at the thought that sworn bondwoman is rebellious—his wretched subject undutiful and refractory at heart, if not in deed.

Young Man, what are you doing and what have you been about since the end of the war?

Have you put hand manfully to work to retrieve your own fortune and your State's prosperity, or are you idly loafing, discontented and disheartened, a burden to yourself and to your friends?

Have you bestowed a thought upon the dignity of honest, persevering labor, or do you still wander in vague dreams of popular oratory and applause?

Have you rolled up your sleeves for the press, the plough, the loom or the anvil; or do you still haunt debating societies and street resorts, discussing political questions that you do not understand?

Have you set to work to do something to build up a substantial character and fortune, with the respect and honor of your friends and countrymen, or are you hanging round bar rooms and billiard saloons, destroying your health and reputation, and wasting the precious moments of life to the pleasant but sad ending "click of the balls?"

Come, my young friend, tell us what you are doing and what you are about?

Your friends, the State, your Father in Heaven, have a right to ask you this question. What answer do you give to it?—*Brunswick Courier.*

'My Father had a Cow.'—Mr. Fiddler commences one of his stories with—'My father had a cow,' etc. A critic says he thinks it tolerably apparent that he had a *calf* also. By the way, the critics are debating whether Fiddler has one or two *d's*. Another journal declares in favor of the pair, 'as every one will say—*Fiddle d-d*.'

A Discovery.—How many feet has a horse? Six: *four* feet in front and two behind.

POVERTY NOT SO GREAT A CURSE.

If there is anything in the world that a young man should be more grateful for than another, it is the poverty which necessitates his starting in life under very great disadvantages. Poverty is one of the best tests of human quality in existence. A triumph over it is like graduating with honor from West Point. It demonstrates stuff and stamina. It is a certificate of worthy labor creditably performed. A young man who cannot stand this test is not good for anything. He can never rise above a drudge or a pauper.—A young man who cannot feel his will harden as the yoke of poverty presses upon him, and his pluck rise with every difficulty that poverty throws in his way, may as well retire into some corner and hide himself. Poverty saves a thousand times more men than it ruins; for it ruins those who are not particularly worth saving, while it saves multitudes of those whom wealth would have ruined. If any young man who reads this letter is so unfortunate as to be rich, I give him my pity. I pity you, my rich young friend, because you are in danger. You lack one great stimulus to effort and excellence, which your poor companion possesses. You will be very apt, if you have a soft spot in your head, to think yourself above him, and that sort of thing makes you mean, and injures you. With full pockets and full stomach, and good linen and broadcloth on your back, your heart and soul plethoric, in the race of life you will find yourself surpassed by the poor boys around you, before you know it.

No, my boy, if you are poor, thank God and take courage; for he intends to give you a chance to make something of yourself. If you had plenty of money, ten chances to one it would spoil you for all useful purposes. Do you lack education? Have you been cut short in the text-books? Remember that education, like some other things, does not consist in the multitude of things a man possesses. What can you do? That is the question that settles the business for you. Do you know your business? Do you know men and how to deal with them? Has your mind, by any means whatsoever, received that discipline which gives it action, power and facility? If so, then you are more a man, and a thousand times better educated than the fellow who gradutes from the college with his brains full of stuff that he cannot apply to the practical business of life—stuff, the acquisition of which has been in no sense a disciplinary process, so far as he is concerned. There are very few men in this world less than thirty years of age, and unmarried, who can afford to be rich. One of the greatest benefits to be reaped from great financial disasters is the saving of a large crop of young men.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

A BABY'S BIOGRAPHY.—An editor thus does up the biography of a recent accession to his household:

We have had so many kind friends asking about the baby, that we thought it necessary to biograph the chap briefly, and somewhat after the current style of the day:

"It's a boy.

He's a buster.

Weighs nine pounds and a quarter, and old women tell us that he will grow heavier as his weight increases.

He's the first boy of which we've been proprietor, and of course is the only baby in town.

The old woman before mentioned declares him the very image of his pa:

'"A faithful copy of his faithful sire,
In face and gesture."'

But in justice to the youth, we must say we think him an improvement on the original—a word of progress, you know.

This young American is as old as could be expected, considering the time he was born, and will doubtless be too old for his father in a few years, if he has good luck.

He is quite reticent on politics, and only wants to be let alone.

He thinks he favors Mrs. Winslow's policy.

We havn't named him yet; we want to give him a distinguished engnomen, but the frame of our great men is at present so precarious that we don't like the risk.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say, as all biographers do of distinguished personages, that the subject of this sketch was born at an early age, of 'poor but respectable parents.'"

It was Bluejasey who spoke of his 'paternal pa' as poor, but 'on it.'

'Do you enjoy going to church now?' asked a lady of Mrs. Partington. 'Law me, I do,' replied Mrs. P. 'Nothing does me so much good as to get up early on Sunday morning and go to church and hear a popular minister dispense with the Gospel.'

If you visit a young woman, and you are won, and she is won, you will both be one.

NEVER.—Never taste an atom when you are not hungry; it is suicidal.

Never hire servants who go in pairs, sisters, cousins, or anything else.

Never speak of your father as "the old man."

Never reply to the epithet of a drunkard, a fool, or a fellow.

Never speak contemptuously of women kind.

Never abuse one who was once your bosom friend, however bitter now.

Never smile at the expense of your religion or your Bible.

Never stand at the corner of a street.

Never insult poverty.

A few days since a young lawer was examining a bankrupt as to how he had spent his money. There were about three thousand dollars unaccounted for, when the attorney put on a severe scrutinizing face, and exclaimed, with much self-complacency, 'Now, sir, I want you to tell this court and jury how you used those three thousand dollars.' The bankrupt put on a serio-comic face, winkled at the audience and exclaimed, '*The lawyers got that!*' The judge and audience were convulsed with laughter, and the counsellor was glad to let the bankrupt go.

Coleridge was descanting in the presence of Charles Lamb upon the repulsive appearance of the oyster. 'It isn't handsome, Coleridge,' said Lamb; 'but it has the advantage of you in one thing.'—'What is that?' quered Colebridge, who as every one knows, was an exhaustless talker. 'It knows when to shut its mouth.'

BORROWING TROUBLE.—"The worst evils," (says the proverb,) "are those which never arrive." By way of practical counsel to all borrowers of trouble, I would face the real difficulties and troubles of life, and you won't have time for practising the art of self-tormenting.

The most contented people in the world are those who are most occupied in alleviating with Christian heart and hand, the sorrows that the flesh is heir to. Visit the homes of ignorance and poverty and vice, and in face of the terrible realities you will there witness, your own petty cares will seem as nothing.

The anxieties of the fancy will vanish altogether, while you will be far better able to bear those burdens which, though real, will seem light to you by comparison.

An Irish lawyer, of the Temple, going to lunch, left his direction in the key-hole: 'Gone to the Edinburgh Castle, where you shall find me; and if you can't read this, carry it to the stationer's, and he shall read it for you.'

A lady in Oregon, in writing to a friend in this city, says that cattle in that region live to such a great age, their owners have to fasten long poles to the end of their horns, *for the wrinkles to run out on.*'

'Do you see this stick, sir?' said a very stupid acquaintance to Sydney Smith; 'this stick has been all round the world, sir.' 'Indeed,' said the remorseless Sydney, 'and yet it is only a stick.'

A recent criminal trial at New Orleans had a rather novel catastrophe; the prisoner was acquitted, and his own and the counsel for the prosecution committed to jail for contempt of court.

'Were you guarded in you conduct while in New York?' said a father to his son, who had just returned home from his visit to the city. 'Yes, sir, part of the time by two policemen.'

An Irish witness in a court of justice, being asked what kind of 'ear marks' the hog in question had, replied—'He had no particular ear-marks except a very short tail.'

At the General Sessions four men were indicted for stealing beans. A gentleman present asked another, 'What have they been doing?' 'Bean stealing,' was the reply.

For Ever and a Day.—A contemporary says that 'the machinery of the Dunderburg will last for ever,' and adds that, 'afterwards, it can be sold for old iron.'

'You have only yourself to please,' said a married friend to an old bachelor. 'True,' replied he, 'but you cannot tell what a difficult task I can find it.'

A newspaper was started not long ago, the first number of which contained a letter from a correspondent who signed himself 'a constant reader.'

'Mr. Query wonders if, when Night falls, she dosen't hurt herself? She probably does just about as much as Day hurts herself when she *breaks.*

The lady whose dress was too dirty to wear, and not dirty enough to be washed, had a matter of serious import to decide.

A Dark Connundrum.—'Sam, why am de hogs de most intelligent folks in the world?' 'Because dey nose eberything.'

'Toby, what did the Israelites do when they crossed the Red Sea?' 'I dunno, but I gueth they dried themselves.'